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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LAY OF ITALY.

Oh! Italia tho' perfumed air
And azure sky, and scenes so fair,
Be thine—there are some mournful tales
Linked with thy rich and lovely vales;
I sing one of a by-gone day,
Just lighted up by memory's ray:—

Young Leonora's cheek grew pale,
And her haughty brother caught the tale
That she was wont, at midnight hour,
To leave her own gay latticed bower;
And list, on marble balcony,
To one who waked sweet melody.
The starry midnight rose again,
But not the minstrel's thrilling strain:—
The crimson pomp of evening fell,
As he was born to chain and tell—
His last wild glance—towards his lady's bower—
His only tear—on her favourite flower.

On his dungeon wall, was graven the name,
Of many a gifted one, who came
To its arched recess, in youth's bright bloom—
And left in age—for the silent tomb.
He had none to soothe, and none to weep—
Not one his fevered brow to steep
In Pity's gushing fount of tears;
Whose waters heal the grief of years.—
'Twas a mournful prison for one whose name
Was a radiant star in the crown of Fame,
And had been the theme of many a tongue;
But Fame did not quite depart—she flung
Her vivid gleam round the dungeon walls—
Soothed him with dreams like fountain falls;—
Made his spirit from the dark cell bound,
And roamed again at her trumpet sound.
Through that enchanted Eastern clime,
Where he—through vistas dimmed by time,
Saw helm and hauberk, sword and gaze,
Of those who fought with hallowed rage
Against proud Moslems—who defied
And scoffed, from the walls where a Saviour died.
Beautiful shapes he visioned too,
Of bright-eyed maids who wandered through
The warrior ranks.—We may not scan
If 'twas love of heaven, or love of man,
Led the fair wanderers from their far
And peaceful homes, to the fateful war.
But when the bard was rapt in those dreams
Of by-gone days—their dazzling beams
Made his speaking blue eyes sparkle like streams,
Whose shadowy surface the glorious sun,
In his noon-day splendor glances upon;—
A glow came over the pallid cheek,
That was wont to wear but a hectic streak—
A loftier curve upon lip and brow—
Oh! who would not worship Genius now?
And when the visions had fled, his lyre
Revealed them in song—and the seraph fire
With which he was gifted, made its way
To the thrones of kings; and proud ones pray
That the tuneful captive, so sadly pent,
Should breathe his fitting element,
And hear a nation's gladdened voice.

There's a rushing sound as if many rejoice:—
And one is borne along by the crowd,
With wasted brow, and form more bowed
Than when last he trod that stately square.—
A thousand *ritas* rend the air,
And Tasso's name again soars high,
On the winds of his own Italian sky.—

Rome is preparing a pageant—his brow
Shall be wreath'd with the laurel crown—and now
Roses and myrtles are taken from their bowers;
The day is at hand, and the streets with flowers
Shall be strewn, that morn, by the young and fair,
That the minstrel may breathe in perfumed air.
In the twining of his laurel crown,
Was a spell to which monarchs might well bow down;
Not from one bower alone was it given—
Many a princely fair one had given
The shining leaves—that her bower might be
Linked with the Poet's memory.
Oh! never was yet a laurel wreath
So hallowed as that by Beauty's breath.
There was sounding of lyre and breathing of lute,
Not a lover's guitar was mute—
There was rich array—there was waving plume—
There was light on which you would think no gloom
Could ever come—and there were all
The signs of coming festival.

When the proud day came—there was wailing in Rome—
His pall was spread—they had opened his tomb.—
The laurel is not for a lifeless brow;
So they shaded his with a cypress bough:
Yet was it not well that the death-cloud came?
O'er the brightest hour of his Minstrel Fame?

A. W.

TRANSLATION OF "PERSICOS ODI," IN NO. XXIV.

I scorn your Persian pomps; and, mark me boy,
Braid no coronal for me
With fading rose, or bark of linden tree;
In these I have no joy;
Bare with a modest myrtle branch entwine
Thy master's brow; as, softly laid
Beneath our household vines' delicious shade,
We quaff the sparkling wine.

A. de V.

SONNET.

REMORSE.

Sleep, sleep my heart! the shrinking beam hath passed
From yon dark crested tow'r of ancient date;
Stealing o'er heaven, night bars its western gate,
And hastes to shroud this pile so cold and vast.
Why tarry here? when lated swain aghast,
Marks yon porch peeping 'neath the torch of fate,
He starts—and list'ning to the midnight blast,
Harping along these chambers desolate,
Seeks other shelter—woe-revolving aeer!
Why on dusk pinion shrieking wild resign
Thy realm to yon pale wand'rer? I am here
Offering up mournful thoughts on ruin's shrine;
For as my soul such vengeful cry appals,
I read my doom upon these sinking walls!

N.

A SERENADE.

Come forth into the moonlight,
Fair and gentle lady, come;
The weary sun no longer shines,
The bees have ceased their hum;
And the blessed dews descend like sleep
Upon the drooping flowers,
Till they raise their heads rejoicingly
To greet the morning hours.
The stars are twinkling taper-like,
In the blue heaven above,
Then come forth, O gentle lady!
While I moralize on love;
For in every beauty round me,
Some resemblance sweet, I see
To the holy love that fills my heart,
My lady fair, for thee.
Come forth, come forth, a spirit's voice
Is on the passing gale,
And the rose bends down her queenlike head
To hear its tender tale,
But in thine ear I'll whisper, love,
Such golden words of truth,
As never fell from angel's tongue,
Pure in their endless youth.
Then his thee forth, while yet the moon
Is ling'ring on the flow'rs,
Let others seek the gaudy day,
The fresh mid night be ours;
Those flow'rs will fade to-morrow,
'Neath their bridegroom's burning kiss,
He will sip the sweet dew from their lips,
Till they die in his career.

Then come forth, come forth, since things so bright
And beautiful must die;
While around us yet they linger,
Let's enjoy them ere they fly;
For while lovers' hearts, dear lady,
Beat affectionate as mine,
And beauty's eyes as brightly beam
As those dear orbs of thine;
Oh! believe me, my own gentle one,
Those shining eyes were made
From grosser, and more dazzling lights
The tender heart to shade;
So thou art ever near me,
Like a dear and holy spell,
And my soul is weaned from earthlier thoughts,
By loving thee so well.

H.

THE DUELLISTS.

Both were aggrieved, and each thought he was right;
But to decide it—they agreed to fight,
(Though both had rather stay away:)
So on they went pell mell,
The shortest road to hell,
Whilst honour pointed out the way.

Q.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IMPORTANT!

We stop the press, as the writers of Newspapers speak, to announce to our beloved and sympathising public, the first intelligence of an insurrection which has just broken out, and is at this moment raging among the Pentagons. They are crying out, *una voce*, for a Monthly Magazine. Now that Bolster's and the Dublin Monthly have fretted out life's fitful fever, they insist that Ireland should have one first-rate out-and-out, to 'dog the Danes,' and give the world assurance of a Magazine. The fact is, most esteemed public, they are a set of fanciful puppies, who have not yet

learned to know their distance sufficiently, and who sport a great deal more of sail than ballast, so that were not we a sage and steady Pallinurus (always bating the nap,) at the helm, they would have sunk the ship long ago, for all their fine spirits, and wit, and learning, and travelled assurance. Mais n'importe, we have invited the young dogs to a jollification at our Symposium this evening, Friday, 18th, 1830, (which we duly celebrate in honour of the Prince and battle of Waterloo,) and then and there the whole matter shall be well and truly discussed and settled, and as Hazledowne Pepperpot, Esq. Professor of Stenography to the Munster University, and perpetual secretary to the indissoluble society of Pentags. is to be crouper, our public may rely on a faithful report of these intensely interesting proceedings, upon which the eyes of Europe will be fixed, in the next D. L. G. On this much they may confidently rely, that in no case shall we abandon them to their former state of destitution and literary inanition, as long as a drop of ink remains in our silver standish, or a swan-quill at his majesty's stationers. In our next we shall also present our readers with a modest commendation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a complete vindication of the new taxes from the slanderous aspersions of the foul-mouthed and evil minded.

Mr. Britton has announced a Dictionary of the Architecture of the Middle Ages; including the words used by Old and Modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities.—The Dictionary, by the author of Tales by the O'Hara Family.—Musical Memoirs, comprising an account of the general state of Music in England, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in the year 1784, to the year 1830; with Anecdotes, &c. by W. T. Parke, principal Oboist at Covent Garden Theatre for forty years.—Personal Memoirs or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the last half century, by Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq. No. 1. of the Juvenile Library, containing the Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes, edited by W. Jordan.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cruikshank's Illustrations of Popular Works, Part I. royal 8vo. 6s. 4to. proof 10s. sewed. Allen on the Royal Prerogative of England, 8vo. 9s. boards. Martineau's Traditions of Palestine, post 8vo. 6s. boards. Inch Kenneth, a poem, foolscap, 5s. boards. Bennett's Tewkesbury, 8vo. 15s. boards.—Macvivar's Economy of Nature, 8vo. 16s. boards.—Tanner's Study of the French Language, Part I. 12mo.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XXII. royal 8vo. £1. 10s.—Scott's Poetical Works, Vol. XVI. 8vo. 18s.; 18mo. 9s.—The Undying One, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Conolly on Indications of Insanity, 8vo. 12s. boards.—Parry's Anthology, 1830, foolscap, 6s. boards.—Boyd's Guide to Italy, 18mo. 7s. sheep.—Patterson's Church History, by Brewster, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. boards.—Memoirs of George Romney, 4to. £2 2s. boards.—Thompson on Heat and Electricity, 8vo. 15s. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

A thousand thanks for the innumerable kindnesses of our countless correspondents; we would only intreat of the fair 'Mitha. S.' to look into Proverbs v. 12 ch. xiii. at church to-morrow, while the wardens are gathering the silver. We beg to inform the conductors of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, that it is quite enough to rob us of our property in so unceremonious a way, without showing themselves such practised "resetters of stolen goods," as to disfigure the said property and deface the marks, in order to prevent it from being recognized by the right owners. In their last Number they pretend to give a review of an unpublished work which they never saw; while unpublished, it was reserved for us and us alone. The thing they do is to give our extracts, and part of our introductory remarks, but with a jumble of their own nonsense prefixed. We own we think this very despicable. It occurs to us every day in the case of some few provincial newspapers; but the Edinburgh Literary Gazette ought to be above it. To the innumerable periodicals in every part of Great Britain and Ireland, which are daily quoting us with acknowledgment and applause, we are happy to return our thanks.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature, the Arts, Education, &c.

Royal Hibernian Academy, Lower Abbey-street.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and ARCHITECTURE, is now open. Admission, One Shilling.—Open from ten till dusk.

By order,
HENRY KIRSCHOFFER, R.H.A.
Secretary.

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Admission, One Shilling.
Doors open at ten o'clock and close at five.—Subscribers are requested to call for their tickets.

J. P. GRIFFITH, Secretary, R.I.I.
April, 1830.